

"STRICTLY PRIVATE"

By Galt

DEAR MOM: IT SEEMS LIKE THE ARMY ALWAYS HAS TROUBLE FINDING OUT WHERE I WILL FIT IN BEST. BUT TODAY I OBTAINED TWO GUYS & I THINK THEY WAS DISCUSSING MY FUTURE HERE.

YOUR SON
GALT

MODEST MAIDENS

By Walt Disney

"All I know is that the boss said only one to a customer."

Donald Duck

Side Glances

By Gelbreith

WAY V PUTTING ON YOUR CLOTHES UNCA? I'M GOIN' TO NEW MOVIE PALACE, LOUIE!

Freckles

By Walt Disney

WHILE SCORCHY AND CHET CONTINUE THEIR HAZARDOUS MISSION ON THE AD-HELD ISLAND, A STRANGE AIR-DRAMA IS TAKING PLACE. MUSTANG FIGHTERS HAVE SINGLED OUT AND ATTACKED ONE OF THEIR OWN BOMBERS!

Funny Business

By Hershberger

"Mom is proud of her hands, so she says, 'What beautiful soft hands you've got!'—then the panty will be ours!"

POPEYE DENOUNCED!

By Hershberger

NOTE THE TYPICAL JITTERBUG LOW PORCHES, WEAK MENTALITY, JUST WHEN I'M ABOUT TO PUT SUPPER TO BAKE! YOU DON'T WANT THE GUESTS TO ENJOY THAT SCORCHED LEATHER TASTE!

Out Our Way

By J. R. Williams

THAT VERY IDEA, DRYING WEATHERS IN THE SOUTH JUST WHEN I'M ABOUT TO PUT SUPPER TO BAKE! YOU DON'T WANT THE GUESTS TO ENJOY THAT SCORCHED LEATHER TASTE!

Our Boarding House

With Major Hoople

THAT STARVATION LINGO AIN'T FEAR OFF THE BEAN, MAJOR! AFTER A DAY OF CONQUERING THE FURNITURE, I COULD EAT THE ANTIFERS OFF THIS MOOSE!—AND PUBLIC!—HOW ABOUT CALLING YOU THESE DAYS TOREDOO? OR HORACE THE HERMIT? TO BE GILLED AS 'SAD SAM,' THE STARK RAVING BOOKMAKER?

Yank Tells of Life in Nazi Prison

By JAMES F. FOWLER

Washington, Ga., Feb. 28 — (UP) — Lt. Frank Colley was home today.

Behind him were two years of life and hunger in a German prison camp. Before him was a good meal and a comfortable bed. Those, he said, were the most important things in the world for the present moment.

"I'd like to tell everyone who has relatives or friends who are prisoners to send them food, more food and still more food," he said.

"These Americans are hungry," Lt. Colley said. "I've been in the Red Army over the camp in Poland where he held prisoners."

"Almost all the boys get along. They exist. But in two years there was never a day I wasn't hungry. I was always cold. Time was when I was weighed on my shoulders."

"They fed us all right. You got a little coffee for breakfast, with a little sugar or milk, but nothing for lunch and a sort of soup for dinner. The food was just a little bit better than the rest of it."

"You set up a mess. The Americans are so ingenious and out of cans and wire he improvises stoves and cooking facilities. The Germans didn't help in our camp and didn't give us anything to work with."

"Your ration — which is worse now — might be a sixth of a loaf of bread a day, three medium-sized potatoes, three tablespoons of oil and a little bit of meat. The ersatz coffee is terrible. Hot water is better, so you just drink hot water. Sometimes, during the summer, you get some warm-watered beer or cabbage and you make stew."

"Our enlisted men sometimes have a little better than the officers. They're pretty close."

"Food is the most important thing in a prisoner's life. Every waking hour of the day you think about the next meal."

"Once a week and a fifth of a pound of oleomargarine a week. The ersatz coffee is terrible. Hot water is better, so you just drink hot water. Sometimes, during the summer, you get some warm-watered beer or cabbage and you make stew."

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Washington

By JACK STINNETT

Washington — Your Capital in Wartime

When all the storm and thunder of the past few days had been finally hushed by the vote of the Senate, the capital of the United States was a quiet place. Apparently 32 members (except for those who were ill or out of town) were so uninterested in the war that they had not come to the session.

The session next to me in the press gallery said: "Well, that's that. Let's get on with the war." It was a quiet "that's that" though. The very day the Senate voted to ignore the fact that General Elliott's dog had been killed by a plane priority was called for a "good cause" and hence would answer no more questions that serve no good purpose.

On the same day the President was being criticized for taking Mrs. Anna Roosevelt Dan. Bostinger along with him to the latest "Big 3" conference. She was supposed to have been the person who called the ATC and asked if it could get Blase out to Mrs. Elliott Roosevelt on the west coast. (She didn't ask for priorities.)

And still on the same day Air Transport Command officers were giving out with a big grin and saying that the colonel who issued the priority is one of the best in the business and has done as much for the war as any other.

The only amusing dog story that has come out of the whole business is one about an alway lieutenant just back from always who climbed on a plane in New York bound for Washington just 24 hours before Col. Roosevelt was made a brigadier.

The story was that the dog had never heard of Blase and had two dogs with him with "A" plane priorities. In spite of his weariness he was wide awake and fuming at the muttered imprecations and glances and finger-pointings he received from other passengers before he arrived in Washington.

It wasn't until he delivered the dog to Walter Reed Army Hospital where they were badly wanted for immediate study and a disease that has attacked some of our war dogs in the Pacific that he found out what it was all about.

Under the circumstances he thinks a fellow might not even draw a very small court martial these days if he refused to obey a colonel's order to play dead and have a can of sardines or a piece of bread for emergency.

"About all the prisoners wanted from home in my camp was food and mail. Clothes didn't make much difference. The Germans took them away because they were bet-

So This Say

By Hershberger

THEY SAID HE WAS A HERO—Blytheville, Ark., citizens will honor the memory of one of General Patton's Third Army heroes who helped stop the Goethers in Luxembourg, but they will erect no marble monument. Instead, they are raising \$4,000 with which to buy a permanent home for the widow and eight children of Pfc. J. C. Privett, 37-year-old infantryman killed in action January 20th, Mrs. Rachel Corbett Privett, her four sons and four daughters are shown on the porch of their rented house after friends had informed them of their plan for the unique memorial to the soldier. (NEA Photo).

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Wednesday, March 7, 1945

Miscellaneous farm machinery and equipment.

- 2 registered saddle mares
- 1 registered saddle filly
- 2 registered saddle colts
- 3 saddle colts by registered sires
- 1 saddle filly by registered sires
- 1 Tennessee walking mare
- 12 mules (mostly 3, 4 and 5 years old)
- 12 milk cows (fresh or springing)
- 12 yearlings
- 10 Heifers

TERMS OF SALE — CASH

Sale Begins at 11 o'clock a.m., Wednesday, March 7, 1945.

NORVELLE WREN, Administrator;

BILL COLLIER, Auctioneer

Girl Writer Among First at Iwo Jima

By BONNIE WILEY

Aboard a U.S. Hospital Ship — (UP) — I went to church today beneath an oil-potted canvas that billowed over the deck as the hospital ship on which I was traveling as a nurse's aide rolled its way through walls of waves towards the battle.

It was a simple service, over in 30 minutes, but it was the most impressive of my church-going career. There were no stained glass windows, just rolling blue waves with an occasional flying fish hurrying off to nowhere in particular.

The service was held in a room printed in big white letters on the back. He had learned to play the portable so the seagoing church could have music.

The minister was Rev. C. F. Crocker, Protestant chaplain, of Sacramento, Calif. He wore a white clerical suit and a white clerical collar. He was a young man, and he was a good one. He was a good one. He was a good one.

It was like church back home, with the congregation turning to page 25 in the Army-Navy service books to sing "Holy, Holy, Holy," and the minister announcing a Wednesday night Bible class meeting to be "held this time in the barber shop because the chaplain's office is getting too small."

Shut your eyes and you'd think you were at a quiet church home. The minister was a good one. He was a good one. He was a good one.

The communion service of the Lutheran church was given by Rev. Mr. Crocker being a Lutheran pastor. Senior Chaplain Father Joseph S. McCauley, Paterson, N.J., holds mass regularly for the Catholics. Special services are held, too, for the Jewish.

The altar was a table covered with a white linen cloth and bearing two candles, unlighted because of the wind. The altar was a table covered with a white linen cloth and bearing two candles, unlighted because of the wind. The altar was a table covered with a white linen cloth and bearing two candles, unlighted because of the wind.

Tale of Two Cities

By Hershberger

HOPELESSNESS

RETRIBUTION

Flashes of Life

OVERSIGHT

Miles City, Mont., March 5 — (AP) — A merchant here recently acquired 15 hard-to-get girdles, and immediately began telephoning customers who had inquired about the form-fitting garments.

The elastic outfits sold like hot cakes.

The merchant's sense of a deed well done was so great that he suddenly recalled — just after his last one had been sold — that he had forgotten about the missus.

"First cake I've tasted in eight years, nine months and two days," he remarked.

MARCH BONNET

Gallop, N. M., March 5 — (AP) — A young boy walked into a woman's shop in Gallup and asked the price of a ladies' hat in the window. When he was told the spring straw creation cost \$9.98 he said "oh" and started for the door.

"Did you plan to buy it as a gift for your mother?" a clerk asked sympathetically.

"No," the boy replied. "I wanted it for myself. It sure would be swell to wind like mine on."

ROUGH RIDERS

Springfield, Ill., March 5 — (AP) — Passengers in a Springfield bus knew they were getting more than their money's worth when their driver cracked the engine, careened around a corner and turned off his customary route to pursue another driver from which they had just transferred.

The driver explained why with a shout: "He's got my \$15! Then he retrieved his money changer from the driver who was bending back to the garage."

When the war is over we shall face a task almost as great in magnitude as the war effort itself. We shall be short of almost every kind of thing that people need to use and wear.

—John Wilson, parliamentary secretary, British Ministry of Supply.

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